

THE ALDERMAN STORES

We will open up in MANNING, S. C., about September 1st, a new two-story department store 90' x 150', basement 30' x 90'.

This building will be equipped with all modern conveniences for the comfort of employees and patrons.

Men and Women's Departments equipped with Grand Rapids fixtures throughout.

All other Departments equipped in most modern and complete manner.

Meat Market equipped with automatic refrigerating plant.

Manning is an ideal town to live in; county seat of Clarendon; magnificent new and modern court house with beautiful grounds; public library; paved sidewalks; streets will probably be paved this year; electric lights; ice plant; water and sewerage; health unexcelled; beautiful shady streets; excellent schools and churches; beautiful homes; progressive, hospitable and helpful citizenship; four banks; four tobacco warehouses; oil mill and fertilizer factory; flour milling plant; excellent artesian drinking water; in fact a town with all the advantages, without the disadvantages, of a large city.

Manning is the center of an agricultural community, with twenty-five miles average radius, as progressive and promising as any other in the State, and Manning is determined to serve this community in the future as no other town can serve it. Come and see, for "seeing is believing."

We desire to get into communication with "live wire" sales people for following departments in THE ALDERMAN STORES:

Retail Grocery; Wholesale Grocery; Hardware and other ware; Millinery; Shoes; Dry Goods and Notions; Men's Clothing and Furnishings; Women's and Children's Ready-to-Wear; Furniture and House Furnishings; Meat Cutter; Stenographer and Bookkeeper combined.

Reliability, ability and affability are indispensable requirements.

If interested, state fully in first letter experience, references, age, whether married or single and condition of health.

THE ALDERMAN STORES

CHARLES WOODS, Manager, (Temporary address) Alcolu, S. C.

PRODIGAL SPIRITS

ROOM IN GEORGIA

Traveler Has Strange Experience in Mountain Section.

LAMP BURNS BLUE

Sees Mountaineer Start Stove Fire With Liquid of Appealing Aroma. Customers Leave Jugs in Pass.

In telling of a section in north Georgia where the beverage of tender memory is used as a substitute for kerosene and turpentine, a traveler yesterday entertained some of his acquaintances and unwittingly caused considerable suffering among his hearers. He had recently been through north Georgia and had some interesting experiences to relate.

"A few days ago," he said, "I was in the mountainous section of north Georgia going over my route and taking orders. Late one afternoon when in a section remote from the railroad I was forced to stop at an unpretentious house and ask my way. When the man in the house responded to my hello he looked me over carefully and when he satisfied himself that I was not a 'revenue' he gave me the desired information, saying that my destination was about 'three sights and a half' distant.

"He said his wife was off visiting relatives and he asked me in to get a bite to eat. The hospitality of the genuine mountaineer is almost a proverb. He took me back into the kitchen, saying he would fry a few eggs. There was no fire in the stove and he stuffed in some trash and some wood and lifted off the two front lids. He said the wood was wet and that he had no kerosene as he had not been to town in several weeks.

"Then he lifted down a kerosene can and poured a few spoonfuls of a clear liquid over the trash. I supposed it was gasoline. He applied a blue flame that was almost invisible. As it burned a pleasant aroma pervaded the atmosphere."

A salesman of ladies' ready-to-wear raised his hand in protest. "You mean that he started that fire with—"

"You said it," responded the traveler steadily. The ready-to-wear man's Adam's apple worked up and down in his throat as he thought of the sacrifice.

"After we had started the fire, the sunlight began to fade and the moun-

taineer took a lamp from a shelf and lighted the wick. I saw that the lamp scarcely illuminated the room and I looked at the flame over the burner. It was a clear blue and was almost invisible."

"Then the bowl of that lamp," interrupted the ready-to-wear man, "was filled with—"

"I'll say it was," again interrupted the traveler. The ready-to-wear man slipped down in his chair until he was resting on his shoulder blades and his face was white and lined. Other men standing about listened with wide eyes and distended nostrils.

"The liquid is also used as a substitute for turpentine and is applied to cuts and bruises. Some of the men of the section hold that it is their constitutional right to make the liquid for their own personal use, and they believe in standing up for their rights.

"In one section of that region, there is a narrow pass between two mountain ranges that is about 600 feet long. It is so narrow that vehicles can not pass each other, and niches have been cut in the walls where one wagon can back while the other passes. A soft twilight fills the pass constantly and the sun does not shine in its except when directly overhead. They tell me that in that pass there are shelves cut in the clay along the walls. The customer merely brings a jug, places it with a greenback on a shelf and goes away.

"When he comes back, the bill is gone, his jug has a corn-cob stopper and it is heavier than it was before. The parties to the transaction do not see each other at all. Checks don't go—cash is necessary for business."

"Where in this Utopia," gasped the ready-to-wear man. The traveler was reticent; details were unobtainable. The arm of the mountaineer is long and time of little consequence. Besides there is a such a thing as abusing hospitality and taking advantage of the trust imposed in one by an acquaintance. The traveler rose stretched himself, picked up his handbag and passed leisurely through the swinging doors. He left behind him a group of men whose wistful eyes followed him until he boarded a street car.

"He may be simply spinning a yarn or he may be telling the truth. At any rate, his story certainly has an appetizing flavor," was the dry—especially dry—comment of the ready-to-wear man. —The State.

SCHOONER GOES DOWN AFTER COLLISION

Halifax, N. S., Aug. 24.—The Yarmouth fishing schooner Francis A, with her captain, Percy Ross, and five of the crew of 19 men went down in collision with the British freighter Lord Downshire during a heavy fog 100 miles south of Sable Island last night. The freighter, bound from Baltimore for Belfast, sent word by wireless today that she was bringing the survivors here.

The Lord Downshire arrived off Halifax late today and transferred the survivors of the schooner's crew to a tug which brought them here.

The survivors said that the steamer suddenly loomed up in the fog and struck the Francis amidships. The schooner was driven over on her side and the steamer passed over her. Most of the crew jumped when they saw that the collision was inevitable.

The men clung to oars and wreckage. Some of them were in the water for half an hour before they were picked up by boats from the steamer. Captain Ross and his brother went down with the schooner.

The Francis A registered 93 tons and had on board a cargo of fish.

LIBERTY SHORT LIVED

Columbus, Ohio., Aug. 24.—Reports from Camp Sherman Chillicothe, at midnight indicated that 18 of the 20 or more interned German sailors, who escaped from the stockade about 7:30 p. m., tonight, had been recaptured. Six of the number were caught within the camp. Two others were apprehended at Chillicothe and it was reported that five had been arrested at Circleville. Five others were captured in Columbus as they reached the city upon a traction car from Chillicothe.

The prisoners made their escape during the height of one of the most severe electrical storms experienced here in years. They fled through a secretly constructed tunnel, leading from the cellar of the barracks in which they were quartered, to a company street 30 feet away the men made their escape. The tunnel, camp officials said, was an ingenious affair.

Colds Cause Grip and Influenza

LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets remove the cause. There is only one "Bromo Quinine." E. W. GROVE'S signature on box. 38c.

FREE

FREE

EDISON

Talking Machine!

WILL BE GIVEN AWAY AT THE

AUCTION SALE

OF

I. V. PLOWDEN'S Home Place,

Friday, Aug. 29th

At 10:30 A. M.

CHANCE CARDS will be distributed to all persons attending the Sale.

Atlantic Coast Realty Co., Agts.,

Petersburg, Va.

OFFICES

Greenville, N. C.